

PS 3501

.R525

I5

1921

Copy 1

IN HIS SERVICE

By
Leonora Arent, Ph.D.

IN HIS SERVICE

By
Leonora Arent, Ph. D.

Fort Dodge, Ia., 1921

PS3501
.R525 I5
1921

Copyright, 1921
by
Leonora Arent



OCT -7 '21

© Cl. A 624723

220.1

To the little sister who went
out into eternity this book is af-
fectionately dedicated.



TO LILLIE

With vivid clearness have I seen your face
Each passing year;
Eternity with all its boundless space
Has kept you near;
I send this message from my earth-bound place
Of smile and tear:

*For all the times you thought for me,
For all the good you sought for me,
For all the love you brought for me,—
God bless you, dear.*

When I have passed through death's deep mystery
You will appear;
But in that greater gift of God to me,
Your love more clear,
I shall remember through eternity
Your sweetness here.

*For memories you sent with me,
For sunny ways you went with me,
For joyous days you spent with me,—
God bless you, dear.*



A PRAYER

The morning-break !

My poor life take ;

And make it vital, for Christ's sake.

Protect my soul from sin's decay and fill it with your grace,
I pray ;

Direct my feet upon the way where I am needed most today.
Make keen my mind to meet the need which each day's
tangled factors breed ;

Uplift my hands with hands that plead, attune my heart to
hearts that bleed.

To find the woe poor stumblers know and point them to
Gethsemane.

To hear the cry of those who die and tell them of your
Calvary.—

Lord, this I pray

At break of day.

The noon-day flame !

My weak life claim ;

And give it vigor, in Christ's name.

The still, white faces of the dead, the mourning lives uncom-
forted,

Bruised hearts that all too long have bled, sick souls from
which all hope has fled,

The challenge of the battle cry, the ringing courage of reply.
The willingness to live or die if only you yourself are nigh.—

These meet my way the livelong day. Give grace that I
may meet aright.

The heat and stress and deep distress—give strength to
bear until the night.

Lord, hear my prayer

At noon-tide glare.

Night's peacefulness !

My frail life bless :

Give slumber, in Christ's tenderness.

My failures of the day you see,—small faith, weak hope, faint
charity ;

May those I failed held blameless be and consequences fall
on me.

But, if in pity you think best, grant me tonight a dreamless
rest :

I would forget the woes that pressed, perplexities, wrongs
unredressed.

Let night's deep spell your power tell, the white moonlight
your glory gleam :

But, spent and weak, your love I seek. Give sleep to me
without a dream.

Lord, hear my call

As night-shades fall.



NIGHT

Night of the sobbing, throbbing wind
 Strains with its burden of quivering tones,
 Agonized pleading and shivering moans,—
All the heart break of a world that has sinned.
 Suffering souls in a night of tears,
 The God of the night wind hears.

Night of star-beaming, gleaming flame
 Thrills with its praise of Christ's glorious
 might,
 Marvelous love and victorious fight,—
All his great thoughts for a world in his name.
 Worshipping souls in a night of prayers,
 The God of the star flame cares.



MOMENTS

Moment of living, the gift of eternity,
Life throb vouchsafed by the infinite heart,
Drop of time's torrent all swift on its way to sea,
Welcome I give you through pleasure or
smart.
Your coming brought breath,
Your going draws death,
And death will bring life in which time has no
part.

Moment of leaving, the flight to eternity,
Death pang allowed in the infinite sight,
Onrush of weariness mighty in mystery,
Welcome awaits you by day or by night.
What though in your dark
Must flicker life's spark?
Your darkness but leads to his luminous light.



OMNIPRESENCE

Death in his right of way journeys near;
Ravaging agony works his will;
Pulsing of pain and of fever thrill
Torture the sufferer we hold dear.
But close by the death bed death's Conqueror
stands.
O see the pierced side and the nail wounded
hands!
Why do we weep?
Christ is but putting our loved one to sleep.

Sorrows of other hearts grieve our own;
Nerve racking vigilance drains our strength;
Endlessly stretches the hard day's length;
Under the pressure of cares we moan.
Then swiftly the Bearer of burdens appears.
O infinite pity dispelling our fears!
Why ever sad?
All the long day this great help may be had.

Joyousness permeates shade and light;
Obstacles vanish and hardships fall;
Victories gather and triumphs call;
Fears do not hinder nor woes affright.
And always the glorious Guide clears the way.
O radiant leadership blessing the day!
Why must day end?
Merciful Comrade, compassionate Friend.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 603 283 4